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THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER.

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THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR.

These as they change, Almightly Father! these are the varied God! The rolling year is full of life.

The wheel of Time has rolled around once more, Another year is gone—forever fled, With all its joys or sorrows that it brought.

Soled is the volume now; 'ave, all is passed, And every scene with earnestness review...

Oh, what a world of pleasure and of pain Is stamped upon the face of a year! Bright scenes of joy that made the heart less dim...

Oh, when the sun, the moon, the starry hosts That lend their light to this mighty sphere, Shall all have faded into nothingness...

THE FEMALE SPY.

A REVOLUTIONARY STORY. In the District of Fairfield, South Carolina, there lived during the American Revolution...

But with all his zeal and whole-heartedness, Hans was constrained to do what he did with great caution and secrecy, for he lived among those who would catch at any disloyalty to the king as a pretext for violence...

Assured by their manner that they intended no personal harm to her, she consented with apparent cheerfulness. The house clerk, who had led her, lay about half a mile distant, and having arrived there, she was immediately locked up in a close room.

At the time of which I write, an organized band of Tories, sustained by a few British troops, had completely swept over the neighboring districts...

himself compelled to raise the siege, and withdrew his little force. He hastily crossed the Saluda river, and retreated in the direction of the Enoree...

General Greene determined to prevent this intercept the reinforce meets of the British commander, and accordingly halted on the banks of the Saluda, in the immediate vicinity of our old friend Hans Griger.

But at this moment a new and unexpected character appeared. A girl in the garb of a peasant presented herself to the guard of the camp, and demanded audience with the General.

It was hard for them to conjecture what mischief might be brewing under that simple and homely costume; it was at once gravely concluded that she must be a spy from the enemy's camp.

General, she said, 'they tell us at the farm that you want a person to carry a message to General Sumpter.'

'I will do it, if you please, General, but not for pay.' 'Well, you shall go after your message through your father again.

'Before you proceed, will you go with us to my house. I am sure my wife will be glad to see you,' said the Tory.

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To reduce this horde of villains and drive them from their strong-hold, the American General Greene, was dispatched, but with a force inadequate to the task.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

For the Intelligencer. BY A. SMITH. Farewell, this closing year, farewell! Let now your deep-toned solemn bell Has rung for thee thy dying knell.

A peaceful journey to the dead And mournful presence of the dead And bygone years, whose passing tread, Is felt in this eventful life.

For the Intelligencer. BY J. A. N. Fond memory bids me linger now Above another's tomb, And muse upon the lovely form Reposing in its gloom.

But whosoever I may love, Whate'er fate attend, I'll muse upon the spot where rests Each fondly cherished friend.

The Salt Mines of Cracow.

After descending 210 feet we saw the first veins of rock salt, in a bed of clay and crumbled sandstone. Thirty feet more and we were in a world of salt.

The limbs of Joseph are dropping off as if he had the Norwegian leprosy, and Lawrence has deeper scars than his gridiron could have made, running up and down his back.

Two obelisks of salt commemorated the visit of Francis I. and his Empress in another spacious irregular vault, through which we passed by means of a wooden bridge resting on a mass of one crystalline rock.

At length he saw a dim light, and pushed his horse forward until he came to a poor, wretched-looking log cabin. It was now near ten o'clock. He knocked and was admitted by a woman, who told him she and her children were alone, her husband had gone out hunting, but she was certain he would return, as he always came according to his promise.

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hall. A tablet inscribed 'Heartily welcome!' saluted us on landing. Finally, at the depth of 450 feet, our journey ceased, although we were but half way to the bottom.

The process is quite primitive, scarcely differing from that of the ancient Egyptians in quarrying granite. The blocks are first marked out on the surface by a series of grooves.

'You probably do not know Ezekiel Bailey, or, as he is familiarly known, 'Old Zeke.' He loves whiskey, although he says he can do it exactly as well without.

It requires a stretch of imagination to conceive the extent of this salt bed. As far as explored, its length is two and a half English miles, its breadth a little over half a mile, and its solid depth 600 feet below the surface.

It is no probability that he again re-appears. The general direction is east and west, dipping rapidly at its western extremity, so that it may, no doubt, push much further on that direction.

'What was to be done?' To avoid them was impossible, for they were already within two hundred yards, no time was to be lost.

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down the descent, which could not have been less than a hundred feet. How he struck, or how he escaped death, is more than Bailey is able to say.

Again we say, hold on to that dollar—squeeze it till the eagle shrieks, and save it till it rusts. Grab all the other dollars you can, and when caught: serve them the same way.

Why, man, we don't mean for you to be mean and stingy, but only saving and economical! Don't spend it for whiskey and cigars, for ale and tobacco, for fancy horses and fancy women!

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DR. CULVERWELL OF HATHOOD. A Medical Essay on a New, Certain and Radical Cure of Spermatorrhoea, etc.

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W. T. McPHAIL, ATTORNEY AT LAW. No. 31 N. 1st St. Lancaster, Pa.

REMOVAL—WILLIAM B. FORDNEY, Attorney at Law, has removed his office from the building in the south-west corner of Centre Square, formerly known as Hubley's office.

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